Adaptation

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Adaptation

by mokuyoubi

Summary

Timestamp for God of Appetite, 30-ish years down the road. Hannibal, Will, and Abigail have left Europe following the Great War, and explore all that 1920s New York has to offer.

Notes

This is an old piece that never made it over from tumblr. Just trying to make sure all my fic is on ao3!

1920s New York

Abigail's arrival was heralded by the echoing click of her high heels on the wooden stair and the swish of beads clicking together. She walked into the room, laughing as she spun to show off the flare of her layered skirts, the flash of stockinged thigh bared before they drifted into place. The hem fell just below her knees, and that was hardly the most shocking aspect of the dress, from the narrow straps and daringly low decollete draped in pearls.

Will took a long sip of his whiskey and not for the first time cursed the lack of effectiveness as a consequence of his physiology. "It's very…" Jesus, he didn't even know which part to comment on first. "Sparkly."

Hannibal made a soft, aborted noise of amusement, and Abigail rolled her eyes. "Is that all you've got to say?" She made another turn, and Hannibal rose to take her by the hand, spinning her under his arm and dipping her low. Once, her hair would have brushed the floor in such a pose, but now she wore it shorn close to her head-–shorter than Will's, and pin straight.

"There's just an awful lot of skin on show, don't you think?" Will finally settled on.

They righted themselves, Abigail arching a brow in his direction. "Are you commenting on my decency? Because if so, I feel compelled to remind you of just who got himself banned from the Palais Garnier. What was that they caught the two of you doing in your box, again?"

Even after all these years, Will felt a heat-like tingle in his face. "Is he blushing?" Abigail asked, delighted. "Is that even possible?"

Hannibal stepped close, drawing a finger down Will's cheek. "With our Will?" Will smacked his hand away peevishly.

"Would you two hurry up and get ready? I want to go." Abigail danced back and forth impatiently on her way down the hall.

"She's become quite forward," Will muttered in her absence. "Was she wearing lipstick?"

"One must adapt with the times, my love, or one runs the risk of being left behind."

And oh, how America had changed in Will's absence. New York was bustling with activity. Motorcars crowding the streets, jazz, and neon lights. It was loud-–as loud as the war, it seemed to Will, the roar of millions of minds rising chaotic in the night air.

All the girls with their sleek bobs and bare knees, bangles ringing on their wrists, drifting past in clouds of perfume and powder. At least Will's own suit was not all that different from the fashion he'd grown used to as of late–-tighter than was his taste, but he didn't miss the way Hannibal's eyes lingered on the taper at his waist and how the trousers clung to his hips and the curve of his bottom.

“Isn’t it so choice?” Abigail enthused, clasping both their hands in hers to her chest, as they made their way through the tangled throngs that gathered on the street corners. Bright young things spilled from the clubs, sans chaperon, retreating into the shadowy alleys for a clutch.

Hannibal was endlessly fascinated, but Will had yet to be won over. It was plain on his face, he was sure. Abigail leaned into his side. She tottered dangerously on her heels and smiled up at him through khol-rimmed eyes. “Come on, Will,” she said, “you two had your fun on the battlefield. Let me have my fun here.”

It was only concerning so far as the nature of Abigail’s fun being a great deal more conspicuous among the wealthy elite of New York City versus a war-devastated Europe and battlefields strewn with bodies.

But then again, maybe they were right. Hannibal after all had been doing this far longer than either of them. His continued survival was the proof of his adaptability, how he could blend seamlessly with any crowd, shift effortlessly between one era and the next, never faltering. And here was Will, dragging in his heels at yet another change, the most startlingly pronounced yet.

In times such as these, Will had to remind himself of his own youth. Listening in sullen silence to the ramblings of the older generation about the entitlement of the youth, how society was falling apart. Here he was, eternally twenty-five, with the mentality of a sixty-year-old. Perhaps it was time for him to embrace the new decade, and all the wealth of possibility it brought with it.

Abigail’s interest was caught by the group smoking outside the a club on 52nd and 6th. Boys and girls making eyes at her, and she spun to kiss him and Hannibal on the cheek before trotting off with a “Don’t wait up for me,” over her shoulder. Will could rest easy knowing she was more than capable taking care of herself.

Will drew in a deep breath. Beyond the mingled scent of sweat and grease and sewage and too many layers of perfume, he could smell the *life*. Throbbing in their veins, a million impulses firing. Irrepressible. Addicting. His mouth watered for a taste.

“Alright?” Hannibal asked, closing the space left by Abigail’s absence to loop his arm through Will’s.

Will turned to face him, tugging him close by the lapels to press their mouths together briefly. More than the casual exchange between two friends with a flick of Will’s tongue against Hannibal’s fang. Not enough to spark a true scandal, in this part of town, though perhaps a few raised brows.

“Show me some fun.”

Hannibal grinned wide, baring his fangs. “We shall paint the town red.”

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